

How Mrs. Camp Evened Things Up With Her Ex-Hubby

His Honeymoon with "Johnny Walker" (Not a Beverage) Sadly Clouded

by the Bothersome Legal Troubles His Angry Former Wife Brought Down on His Unsuspecting Head

"If his latest former wife had actually invaded the bridal suite and torn 'Johnny Walker' from his arms, she could hardly have annoyed Mr. Camp any more."



HELL, says, the maker of proverbs, hath no fury like a woman scorned. And now Mr. "Billy" Camp is said to be ready to agree that he'll say it hasn't.

For the fat and genial Mr. Camp, of Chicago and Los Angeles, has been made most uncomfortable. He has been rudely jolted from the even tenor of his ways. And it has been particularly hard for Mr. Camp, who might be described as easy going and easy marrying.

Everybody has his moments when he hates to be disturbed. Some detest interruption when they become interested in a book or paper. Others insist on peace and quiet when they sleep. Many a business man will leave orders that he is not to be called from an important conference.

There is the man who abhors being broken in on when he is telling a story. Familiar is the rage of telephone talkers when cut off by "central." The concentration of a genius is not lightly to be intruded upon.

As for "Billy" Camp, he simply can't stand being distracted while on honeymoons.

While there are no doubt many folks who share that feeling with "Billy" to a certain extent, most of them cannot comprehend just the way he feels about it. You see, he has had a great many more honeymoons than fall to the lot of most of us.

While on honeymoons Mr. Camp is perfectly willing to let the rest of the world go by. But this last time it wouldn't. While the fourth honeymoon was under way with the fourth wife who should rush in where other former wives had always feared to tread but wife No. 3. That isn't meant to convey the idea that she rushed in personally.

No; the divorced Mrs. William Camp and widow of William C. Thorne, the Montgomery Ward & Co. millionaire, didn't do that. But she might about as well have stepped into the love nest and laid hands on the love birds. If she had actually invaded the bridal suite and torn "Johnny Walker" from Mr. Camp's arms, she could hardly have annoyed him any more.

The way Mrs. Katherine Thorne Camp evened things up with her ex-hubby was through legal proceedings. It looked exactly as if she had hunted up all the most aggravating and flabbergasting due processes of law to try on him.

It was a revenge that was a revenge. It should really be noted down in the chronicles which describe famous vendettas and accompanied by a symbolic illustration of Blind Justice swinging her scales and beating poor little Cupid with them till he cried for help.

But before treating of the revenge the motives which led up to it should properly be set down.

William Camp, as already has been pointed out, long has been a man to take life—and a wife—easy. He started out with the wherewithal for that, for his father was the founder of a great piano and organ company, which made its pile out of music long before the radio concerts started taking the air. A lot of the money made was inherited by

"Billy" and out of it he had himself a good time. He lost hair, but he gained flesh—and wives.

According to stories that are told, it was his wont in the "good old days" to buy the drinks both lavishly and profusely.

Very soon he got into the habit of falling in love and marrying almost as freely as he is said to have bought drinks.

It may be that he has married so often because up to just lately there had been no trouble about the business of getting new wives for old. He first took a wife from fashionable society in the person of Edith Schuyler. After a time they were divorced.

For his next honeymoon he chose Elita Proctor Otis, the actress. She was taken critically ill one day and a search was made far and wide to summon her husband to her bedside. Where should he finally be found but in the apartment of Mrs. William C. Thorne, the wealthy Chicago widow.

A divorce ensued. Thereupon Mr. Camp married Mrs. Thorne, the mother of Gordon Thorne, the rich young Chicagoan, whose affair with Mary Lygo, the "Follies" actress, almost wrecked his home. That sensation still is furnishing fuel to gossips, although the rift seems to have been patched up. Young Mrs. Thorne still has her husband, while the "Follies" actress, who slashed her wrist in despair, has left the field, apparently.

Doubtless young Mrs. Thorne managed to forget her own worries in the excitement of watching her mother-in-law's revenge on William Camp. And perhaps from it she has stored up in her head some good ideas for possible future use in similar emergencies.

Will Camp might have suspected that his third wife would spring something

like the legal revenge with which she has fed fat her grudge by the ingenious manner in which she obtained the evidence that effected her divorce from him.

Mrs. Camp the third was in Chicago, while "Billy" had traveled out to the coast and was sojourning in Los Angeles, which, he says, he likes much better than Chicago. Tales floated back to her, as tales have a way of doing. It was said that William was cutting up a bit. That was more than Mrs. Camp would tolerate, so she laid a plot, which had as its mainpring the element of surprise.

Mr. Camp was said to be inhabiting a bungalow at Beverly Hills, and was said not to be inhabiting it alone. One dark night a little group of determined men descended on this bungalow. They bore with them much mysterious equipment.

As they approached the house the city electricity suddenly gave out—by previous arrangement with the sheriff. Thus the stealthy advance of the minions of Mrs. Thorne Camp, for such they were, was completely masked. Undetected, they neared a first floor window. When they got there they very shamelessly peeped in.

Their actions indicated they had seen what they expected. Their further actions indicated that to see was not enough. They were going to make a record of what they had seen. A large camera was set up and carefully aimed through the window. A man with a large flashlight apparatus took his stand. All reported ready. There was a low word of command. Then—BANG.

The flashlight went off with an effect that gave the impression that somebody had been saving daylight all summer and suddenly let it loose. The

The former Mrs. Camp's daughter-in-law Mrs. Gordon Thorne, who forgot her own matrimonial difficulties in the excitement of watching her mother's



camera clicked and received the image of the room and its occupants

—there were two of them.

One of them, Mr. William Camp, came running out with a pistol, but was subdued. The other proved to be Miss Mabel Walker, a motion picture actress. They had been splashing around in the pool on the estate. Mr. Camp explained, and had gone into the bungalow to get warm. But in spite of this explanation Mrs. Camp No. 3 got her divorce.

When the word of that severing of the matrimonial bonds came to William Camp, who was at the time sporting with some movie mermaids, he expressed himself as being politely surprised. Mr. Camp was of the opinion that divorces are boring, meaning as they do for a man of his habits the bother of getting married again.

That divorce, however, wasn't half as boring as some of the other legal consequences that were to overtake him.

"Billy" married the girl who is alleged to have posed with him for that surprise midnight photo in the bungalow, Miss Mabel Walker, nicknamed in the movie studios "Johnny Walker." There used to be—some say there still is—a whisky of that name. May be that's one reason why she appealed to him so strongly. At any rate, "Billy" married "Johnny."

Mr. Camp had thought he was through with his third wife when the divorce was granted, but she was unwilling to let bygones be bygones. There was a little matter of money to be settled. She brought suit to recover \$35,000 from her former husband. She charged that he persuaded her to sell him a large block of Montgomery Ward stock, and that he had sold it at a profit and kept the difference.

Camp denied the charge and said the money was a trust fund created by his former wife for him because of the love and affection she bore him.

But that denial could not stave off the legal annoyance. Pursuing him to California, where he is in the habit of spending his honeymoons, came all of the bother the law can produce—lawyers, subpoenas, consultations, summonses,



Mr. Camp and his divorced wife photographed with members of the wedding party as they were about to start on their honeymoon

briefs, depositions and all the rest of it. Whether Mrs. Katherine Thorne Camp

wins the fortune that is in dispute or not, she has certainly evened things up with a vengeance.